





## THE HIGHEST BRANCHES.

The highest branches on the tree  
Know secrets of the sky.  
All night they watch the silent march  
Of starlight passing by.  
And shadowy breaths of mystery  
Unhindered draw near—  
From stranger lands, from unknown climes  
They bring a message clear.

All day the highest branches raise  
Their tiny hands to heaven,  
And unto pleading urgency  
Are happy answers given.  
From wandering clouds and azure sky  
From sunbeams bright, they gleam  
The secrets of a wider world—  
The unseen and the seen.  
—Elizabeth French, in Springfield Republican.



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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CONCERNING MANY THINGS

One short and desperate attempt was made to rescue him. About a dozen horsemen charged right at us, and for a moment it appeared as if they would succeed. But we were too strong, and although they inflicted severe loss on us, killing Hilde Nere amongst others, they were cut down, all but one, who fled. This man, seeing all was lost, and determined not to be taken himself, galloped to the quay, and striking his spurs home, leaped his horse far into the river, and made for the vessel. The stream was running fast and strong, but the good boat, despite his burden, struggled bravely against the flood. To relieve the horse, the cavalier, having torn off his morion, slipped from the saddle, and with his hand on the pommel, attempted manfully to swim beside the animal. The weight of his armor, however, bore him down. Twice his head sank below the water, twice he rose again and battled with the flood. Those on the ship made no effort to save him, and we on shore could do nothing. He had now, fighting every inch of his way, drifted astern of the vessel, and some one lunged a rope at him. His hand reached out to clasp it, but missed, and then the under-current caught him and horse and dragged them down. He rose yet once again, his white despairing face turned towards us, and with a supreme effort of fate, shook his clenched hand at me, and was gone.

So died Crepin D'Entragues, the death of a brave man, unyielding and fighting to the last. The yellow Tiber hissed in white foam over the spot where he sank. Perchance the mad currents dragged his body down to the slime of the river-bed, picked it up again in their swirl, tossed it in sport from one to another, and finally flung it to rest on some lonely bank, where the gulls screamed above it, and the foxes of the Maremma gnawed at the rusty armor, and snarled and snarled over the white bones in the moonlight.

Everyone knows the history of the times, and it is not my intention to dilate on this, but merely to set down, without comment, those matters of state in which Fortune allowed me to play a part. When Cesare surrendered at Ostia the Borgias were looked for ever, and Valentino allowed, after a short confinement, to escape to Spain, where he died like a soldier. Now that the game was in their hands, the allies began to quarrel amongst themselves, the French king to drive away his opportunities in gayety, and the Venetians to step in, in their most serene way, and claim a share of the spoils for the Lion of St. Mark. Events moved quickly, the genius of the Great Captain won victory after victory for Spain, the death of Francis Picoleson paved the way for the accession of Hovvare to the papacy as Julius II., and the Holy League was formed, by means of which the French were finally driven from Italy. Thus, in a few years, the work of D'Amboise was scattered to the winds, but long before that time I had sheathed my sword, and concerned myself no more with war.

But on the day that I surrendered my prisoner to D'Amboise and Orsini, the former already in thought as to St. Peter's chair, and the latter at the very least, imagined himself the Lord of the Romagna. I sent forward couriers, with the news of my success, to the cardinal, and ere we reached Malafede met with a return messenger from D'Amboise, bearing a brief note of congratulation, and adding that Colonna had made terms to evacuate the portions of the city he held. The messenger informed me that the Bailly of Caen had already entered Rome by the Porta Pia, and that, finding himself between two fires, old Fabius Colonna had made a virtue of necessity, and by yielding now reserved himself for another day. This enabled me to go back by an easier route than we had come, and as we rode through the Ostian gate, I could not help contrasting my present entry to the day when Jacopo and I had reined in our weary steeds to let the Borgias pass, and give his following the road. At the Ponte St. Angelo, I surrendered my prisoner to Orsini in person, and truly I thought he would have but a few hours more to live, for Gentil Virginio had a long score to settle with the Borgias, and a longer memory for a wrong. The blood, too, of Paolo, whom Cesare strangled at Sinigaglia, and that of the cardinal Orsini, whom he brutally murdered in Rome, called aloud for vengeance. Cesare himself seemed to be aware of this, for whereas up to now he had remained in a sullen silence, he found tongue to implore me, in the most servile manner, not to deliver him to Orsini, and when I told him I had no option, he tried to creep out of his litter, and lay his cap at the feet of his enemy. Orsini spoke nothing, merely ordering him to be borne to St. Angelo; but as the Borgias shrank back into his litter, he said with a grim smile that he trusted the duke would find his entertainment to his liking. How it happened that Cesare escaped off with a whole skin I never knew, but he did, as I have mentioned above, and it was a great relief. He turned out at the last, and the low blood showed in him; but he was one of those men who knew how to be thoroughly bad. Orsini took back his horses, saying he had need of them, so that it was with my own few men that I reached the Palazzo Corneto. I must except Hilde Nere from this number, and I was truly sorry for his death, for he was an honest sword. The cardinal received me in the little chamber where we had supper with Machiavelli. He had thrown aside his clerical habit and was in mail, but wore his barretta on his head. He was more than kind, congratulating me heartily on my success, going so far as to say that by capturing Cesare I had given a kingdom to France. I then left him with further assurances of his good will towards me, and saw him no more for the day.

Towards the small hours of the next morning I was aroused from a deep sleep by Jaco-

po. Starting up, I inquired what was afoot, and was told that De lafore, the page, was waiting to see me. I gave orders for his instant admission, and, on coming in, he informed me that his emment desire was to have immediate audience. Telling Jacopo to have the door opened, for I must work, I went, and found myself in my clothes and hastened to D'Amboise.

He had evidently not slept all night, and was pacing the room in agitation. "St. Dennis!" he burst out, as I entered. "Do you know what they have done? The king holds a tourney at Arezzo instead of marching on at once. What is worse, he has granted an extension of the truce to Spain, and Tremouille and the rest of them are off to the jousts. They are making a May-day with those dukes you captured. By G— they would dance away a kingdom."

"Your emment has no doubt sent news of the capture of Cesare?"

"That was only yesterday, my lord," he snapped, "and De Briconnet is riding for his life to the king. But it is about this I sent for you," he went on, rapidly. "De Briconnet may come to harm. Here are other dispatches. Take them and follow him; overtake him if you can. When can you start?"

"Now."

"Good—here are the papers. And this is for Tremouille. Adieu!"—and he held out his hand "Monsieur le Comte."

I started a little at the last words which he uttered in French, but had not time to ask for explanation or make inquiry. I hurried to my apartments and found Jacopo ready. Had he my men as soon as possible, I gave Cesare the rein and rode out of Rome. At Civita del Pieve I got my first news of De Briconnet. At Carona he was but two hours ahead of me, and when on the afternoon of the second day I reined in the staggering Castor at the gates of the Villa Accolti, where the king was, I saw in the courtyard a dead horse, his sides still bleeding from the spur marks, and judged that De Briconnet had barely beaten me by a head for all his 12 hours' start. So once again I had entered the Villa Accolti! And as I sprang to the ground, I looked at the poor beast to rest, all the past came back to me with a vivid force, and I looked around, almost expecting to meet again the glance of scorn and contempt, to hear once more the losses, the mockery, and the foul reproach of that day.

The cardinal was right enough when he said that high jinks were to be held. And the day seemed to be one of merry-making. Flags were flying from all parts of the villa, and the wide grounds were full of the followers of the court, and the townspeople either watching or engaged in sports of wrestling, archery and other games.

For the first ones, however, the out-of-door amusement of the day came to an end with the dinner hour, and they were now disposing themselves within. From the open windows strains of music floated on the sunlight and gay figures passed and repassed, or moved in and out of the balcony overlooking the grand entrance, which seemed, from the constant movement and the brilliant dresses of those who crowded thereon, to be like a bed of flowers striding in the wind. As I came below the balcony, I did not dare to look up, but with my sword in the loop of my arm and my dispatches clenched in my right hand walked up the marble steps.

"Post from Rome! Post from the Lord Cardinal!"

The sonorous voice of the ushers called this out, and I found myself at the entrance to the gallery leading to the great hall where I had been tried.

"Not here, sir—to the left." My way was barred by an equerry in violet and gold.

"Not so, De Briconnet, the king receives these dispatches in person," and Bayard had linked his arm in mine.

"But, my lord!"

"I take the blame," and Bayard, blazing in full mail, led me through the gallery, whose sides were lined with the archers of the Scottish Guard. Archers in name only now, and little as my time was, I could not forbear glancing at these fine troops, who, although few in number, bore an unequalled reputation for service in the field. The doors at the entrance to the hall, which were guarded by two gigantic men-at-arms, were opened only at fixed intervals to let people in and out, and by this means an attempt was made to avoid overcrowding. There were a considerable number of us, and, having to go slowly, we had time to exchange a few words.

"I suppose De Briconnet has passed in?" I asked; "he could only have just arrived, for his horse lies dead at the gates."

"I doubt it. All posts are received by De Vesci, whose wrath we are going to brave. If De Briconnet came in here direct, he was probably stopped and sent to the seneschal's apartments."

"If so, as he was the first comer, he should present the dispatches," I urged; "I hear but duplicates."

"There is no time to think of that now," replied Bayard, and as he spoke the doors unfolded, and in a crash of music and the murmur of voices, above which now and again trilled a peal of clear feminine laughter, we entered the hall. At first we were unobserved, for the interest of everyone was gathered to the center of the room, where to the strains of music a game of chess was being played with living figures. The king and his courtiers stood round the board, and the opportunity of observing him. Time had not changed Louis much, although his reckless life had enfeebled his constitution. He had the features of his house, the wide forehead, the oval face, the pointed chin, below which his short brown beard was neatly trimmed. His gray eyes were set somewhat wide apart, and his hair, which was naturally straight, he wore carefully curled, in a length that all but touched his shoulders. He was dressed in a tight-fitting suit of green, with green trunk-hose and stockings of the same color. A short cloak, also of green, fell from his shoulder, and below his left knee was bound the ribbon of the English Order of the Garter, of which he was very proud. On his head was a velvet cap lapped in front and on either side, and alive with the light jewels, with which it was studded. He was playing king in the game, Mine, de la Tremouille acting as queen, and the rival king was Tremouille himself, who had for his partner, the Countess de la Gonsaga of Mantua, a princess distinguished alike for her beauty and her virtue.

A little apart from the players, and watching the game with a grave interest, stood Etienne de Vesci, the seneschal of Beaucaire, who was, after the cardinal, the most powerful man in France, and, indeed, was supposed by many to have more of the king's ear. Close by him were a number of ladies, and I ran my eye amongst them and around the hall, hoping in vain to catch sight of the one face I longed to see. Whilst so engaged De Vesci observed me, and, seeing the papers in my hand, made an imperious gesture, beckoning me towards him. This I pretended not to observe, and the seneschal, biting his lips, edged his way towards me. It was easy to see from my traveled and stained appearance, the red on my spurs, and the packet in my hand, that I was the bearer of

"Is not monsieur aware," he said, in a harsh voice, speaking in French, "that papers for the king should be brought to me?"

"These are for the king's hand," I answered.

"It is enough. Give them to me," and he held forth his hand.

"I have said, my lord, that they are for his majesty's own hands."

Bayard, who was watching the game now drawing to a close, turned round at this, and, grasping the matter, cut in:

"Glad! My lord, let the cavaliers deliver his packet. It will come to you soon enough. Take a holiday for once."

De Vesci frowned, and was about to make a hot answer when there was a sudden shout and a clapping of hands, and Louis, who had won the game, came forward leading Mine, de la Tremouille in triumph. The last move was made but a few feet from us, and as the king faced round with his partner he caught sight of our group and called out as he advanced:

"Victory! We have won. Why those black looks, De Vesci? Come and congratulate us!"

With an effort the seneschal smoothed his face. "Victory always attends your majesty, and with so fair a partner defeat would be impossible," and he bowed with a courtly grace; but the wrinkles of his brow were still on his forehead. The duchess grew red with pleasure at the compliment, and Louis clasped his hands like a boy.

"Excellent! Trust a courtier's lip for a soft speech!" and then, observing me, "but what have we here?"

"From Rome, your majesty," and, dropping to my knee, I presented my papers, which the king took irresolutely in his hand.

"Diable!" he exclaimed, with an impatient gesture, "from my lord cardinal, no doubt?"

And he glanced at me.

"Your majesty, and of the most vital importance!" and I rose.

"I must read them, I suppose. A plague on the cardinal! We were just going to the banquet."

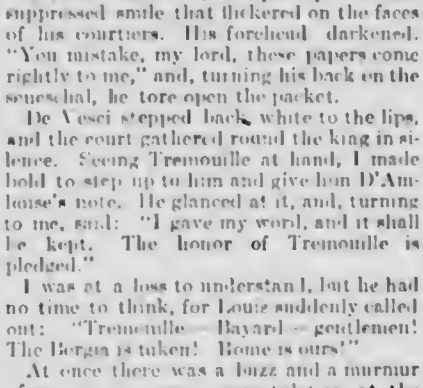
"I will deal with the matter, sire. The papers should have come to me," and De Vesci, saying this in his harsh, grating voice, reached forth his hand. Usually a perfect master of his temper, he had somehow, for once, let it get the better of him; and his closing words and manner were almost those of command. Louis, though a brave man, had a weak nature and a hasty temper. A temper that was often aroused to fits of obstinacy, little short of anarchy. He caught the seneschal's tone, and perhaps also the suppressed smile that flickered on the faces of his courtiers. His forehead darkened.

"You mistake, my lord, these papers come rightly to me," and, turning his back on the seneschal, he tore open the packet.

De Vesci stepped back, white to the lips, and the court gathered round the king in silence. Seeing Tremouille at hand, I made bold to step up to him and give him D'Amboise's note. He glanced at it, and, turning to me, said: "I gave my word, and it shall be kept. The honor of Tremouille is pledged."

I was at a loss to understand it, but he had no time to think, for Louis suddenly called out: "Tremouille—Bayard—gentlemen! The Borgias are taken! Rome is ours!"

At once there was a buzz and a murmur of voices, in eager congratulation at the



"Take back your knighthood"

glad tidings. Standing alone and apart from all, I could hardly see Louis, so close by did the court press around him; but it seemed that Tremouille was urging something on him, and the duchess too, for I caught the flash of jewels on her fingers, as in her eagerness she laid them on the king's hand. Then Bayard's deep voice came to me clearly: "If done, 'twere well done quickly, sire."

I do not exactly know how it happened; but I found myself kneeling before the king, who stood above me, his drawn sword in his hand.

"M. di Savelli," he said, "one king of France owed you his life, another all but owes you a kingdom. Wear again your cross. It was nobly won. Take back your knighthood." He laid the blade gently on my shoulder, "for God, for your king, for your lady. Arise, sir knight!"

He stretched forth his hand to aid me to my feet, and I stood up again, with my honor white, in the very hall, almost on the very spot, whence I had been cast out in ignominy and shame.

I could not speak—I was choked—my eyes were wet with tears. Seeing my emotion, Louis placed his hand kindly on my shoulder.

"Remember, di Savelli," he said, "France needs you yet. To the banquet, my lords and ladies—to the banquet!"

And he turned down the hall, not waiting for my thanks. But friends sprang up everywhere. The first to give me her good wishes was Duchess de la Tremouille, then came the duke, old Yves d'Alengres, and others I can scarcely name. It was whilst in their midst that I saw a face I knew well, and Machiavelli came up.

"Late, but not the less warm in my congratulations," he said; "on the good ship is safe in port at last! We owe you too much for speech, and can never thank you enough."

"Your excellency is most kind. Is Lady Angiola well?"

He was silent for a moment, and laughed to himself, as if something stirred him.

"As well as ever she was," he answered at length, and added: "You must sup with us this evening. We lodge in the Borgo di San Vito, and never mind your attire. My wife longs to see you, and thank you in person."

Other friends coming up, our converse was brought to an end, and I managed to effect my escape, and take refuge in the pavilion of Bayard, who insisted on my being his guest. I would have willingly foregone the supper at the Borgo di San Vito, but I was weary; but having promised, I borrowed a horse from my host, and set out. I reached the secretary's lodging punctually to the

hour, and was received by Gian, who, after a respectful inquiry concerning my health, ushered me into an apartment, where, on entering, I found myself alone. I had to wait some little time, and, wondering at the strangeness of my reception, I walked towards a window overlooking the private gardens of the house. As I reached it, I heard the rustle of trailing garments, and turning round I beheld Angiola before me. She came up with outstretched hands, and I took them in mine, and looked into her eyes. Then I found words; they came to every man at the right time, and I spoke. She made no answer as I pleaded my cause, and, fearing the worst, I dropped her hands, with a better reproach against my age and my scarred face. When I had done she remained still, with her eyes down, and there was a silence. Then she looked up again.

"Di Savelli," and her voice was very low, "you say your face is scarred by wounds. Do you know, cavalier, I would I were a man, that I too might bear wounds on my face, and looking in my mirror, see how they became me." And the rest concerns not any one.

We were married before the end of the truce, and on my wedding day I received from his majesty the king the patents of the county of Fresnoy, in Guineine, a distinction that was extended to me in Italy by his holiness Pope Pius III., who, on my purchasing a portion of my ancestral estates back from Amilcar Ughi, confirmed to me the title in my native land. But the title of all was a mere formality. Amilcar, to which still clung the gold of the gold link, by which it had been attached to a bracelet. And this was from my wife.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### MY LORD, THE COUNT.

Portion of a letter from the Countess di Savelli to her cousin Vittoria Tridellati of Forli.

It is, as you know, gentle cousin, six years since my lord, having lost his sword-arm at the storming of Santa Croce, retired to his castle of Aquila in the Sabine mountains, and ceased to help further in stirring the times. In truth, he has yielded to my wish in this matter, and although, in the war of the Holy League, he was offered a command, di Savelli, at my entreaty, refused the honor.

The count, my lord, is well, but his wounds troubling him in the winter he may no longer follow the wolf in our mountains, yet still hunts the stag in the Ciminian forests of our kinsman, Amilcar Ughi, to whom we have been reconciled and whom we visit yearly.

Last winter we spent in France, at the chateau of Seigneur de Bayard, which lies on the Garonne, and met there, amongst others, Mine, de la Tremouille, who is now a widow, the duke having died of a tertian ague at Milan. There also was a very gay and noble gentleman, Viscount de Briconnet, who avers that my lord owes him a county for having forestalled him in bearing to the king the news of the surrender of Borgo. My lord of Bayard, whom the count thinks above all men, visits us in the autumn; and, gentle cousin, come you too, for we are to have a house full. The children are well, and Ugo grows a strong lad, but willful. He has his father's features, but my eyes. They have just gone a riding, my lord on his great war horse Castor and Ugo on his little white pony, bred on our farm in the Bogamasque. I see them as I write, going down the avenue.

Your namesake, Vittoria, sends you a hundred kisses, and bids you come and be heartily welcome. I send this by a sure hand, that of my lord's equerry, Messer Jacopo Jacopi, a faithful servant and a good sword, though his tongue be ever wagging. Give him an answer, to my you are coming.

THE END.

## Useless Writers.

"Yes," said the editor, as he put his gumbush into the ink bottle, and tried to paste on a clipping with his pen, "yes, the great fault of newspaper contributors is carelessness."

"Indeed," he continued, as he dropped the copy he had been writing into the waste basket and marked "editorial" across the corner of a poem entitled "An Ode to Death," contributors are terribly careless.

"You must be surprised," said he, as he clipped out a column of fashion notes and labeled them "fashion," "to see the slipshod writing that comes into the editorial sanctum."

"Misspelled, unspunnetted, written on both sides of the sheet, illegible, ungrammatical stuff. Contributors are terribly careless. They are—"

Just then the office boy came in with that editorial and autocratic manner he has, and demanded more copy, and the editor handed him the love letter he had just written to his sweetheart—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A Good Elevator.

Conan Doyle recently addressed the following amusing letter to a member of the Ormeau Golf club, with reference to a concert held by the club, at which one of the "Songs of Action" was recited: "My Dear Sir: Pray present my compliments to the Ormeau Golf club, and wish them from me a very happy evening. I am myself an intermittent golfer, getting very violent at tasks at regular intervals. It usually takes me about two months to recover myself (that I shall ever be so good, and then I give it up until a fresh burst of energy sets me trying once more. I played in Egypt until they told me that excavators had to pay a special tax. I inaugurated a private course in Vermont also, and the Yankee farmers asked us what we were doing for. If ever the Ormeau club should wish any part of their links returned I could undertake in a few games to clear away any soil now existing."—Troy Times.

## Black Images of the Madonna.

The natural explanation of the circumstances of black images of the Madonna is that certain woods become blacker with age, the smoke from the votive lamps occasionally helping the process. In several cases, as at Prigny, the images have been blackened by the fumes from conflagration. It is possible that some of the oldest are imported figures of Isis. The question as to whether the Virgin herself was brunette or blond opens a wide field of discussion, but the balance of argument perhaps lies against the statement that the text, "I am black (afflicted?) but comely," was a reference to the Virgin and in favor of the idea that these images are intended to be worshipped in spite of their swarthyness and not in account of it. Their very color, however, attracts pilgrims.—Notes and Queries.

Our increased trade with China. Bagdad can no longer compete with us in the shipment of many products to China, but trade with the Chinese has increased almost forty per cent. within the last year. This is merely a partial view. The best view is that for a like reason, it is not the stomach of the Chinese, but the rest of the country, that is the source of our increased trade. Our goods are sold in all parts of the country, and our goods are sold in all parts of the country, and our goods are sold in all parts of the country.

## The Arms Sailed.

A married couple who are in the habit of occasionally going out at night to entertainments and social affairs, at such times make themselves good with their little boy by saying that they are going out to see a sick man. One week these social affairs came pretty frequently. On Monday night they went to the theater, and told the lad that they had to sit up with the sick man. Tuesday night they went out to visit a neighbor, and explained that they were going to give some medicine to the man who was sick. On Wednesday night they were to attend an entertainment, and explained to the young chap by saying they had to put a plaster on the sick man's back to draw out the pain. "Papa," asked the youth, "is the sick man in much pain?" "Very much, my son." "And is he pretty near dead?" "Yes, he is in bad shape." "I had thought deeply for awhile, and then remarked: 'Well, papa, he can't die any too soon to suit me.'—Memphis Scimitar.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Traut, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walling, Kaman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Low Temperature.

Teacher—What happens when a man's temperature goes down after exertion?

Smart Scholar—He has cold feet, ma'am.

—Boston Christian Register.

## Paradise Lost.

"Bridge," said the mistress to her sick servant, "would you take a little medicine?"

"Faith, ma'am," said she, "I'd take anything to make me well, even if I knew 'twould kill me."—Philadelphia Record.

## An All-Year Record.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark., opens March 1, 1899. A most desirable, attractive and convenient resort for health and pleasure seekers. Ideal climate, pure sparkling water, best accommodations, through Sleepers via Frisco Line. Write for particulars to Manager Hotel or to any representative of Frisco Line.

The baker gets crusty himself when his bread doesn't pan out well.—Golden Days.

## Do Not Burn the Candle At Both Ends.

Don't think you can go on drawing vitality from the blood for nerves, stomach, brain and muscles, without doing something to replace it. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives nerve, mental and digestive strength by enriching and purifying the blood. Thus it helps overworked and tired people.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

## A State Show.

The gentlemen engaged in spreading a knowledge of the Pan American exposition in Buffalo in the year 1901 have certainly a sufficient idea of its importance. They speak of the catarrh of Niagara falls as an "accessory attraction."—Western Electrician.

## Mid-Winter Festivals.

The C. H. & D. R. will make a half fare rate for the round trip from all stations to New Orleans, La., and Mobile, Ala., for the grand Mardi Gras Carnival in February. The entertainments will be more novel this year than ever at New Orleans. Electricity will be employed exclusively for motive power in the parade, for lighting buildings, floats, etc. Tickets on sale February 19 to 26 inclusive, limited to return March 15, 1900. Call on nearest C. H. & D. R. Agent for tickets and information.

## Sleep for Skin-Tortured Babies

In a Warm Bath with Cuticura SOAP

And a single anointing with CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors with loss of hair, of infants and children, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies fail.

## Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap

Exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated or toilet soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the best skin and complexion soap, the best toilet soap and best baby soap in the world.

## Cuticura Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor,

consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soothe the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c), to soothe itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe the red, hot, and itchy skin, CUTICURA PILLS (50c), to cleanse the blood, and purify the system, and CUTICURA Lotion (50c), to soothe the skin, and soothe the scalp, and soothe the hair, and soothe the face, and soothe the neck, and soothe the chest, and soothe the stomach, and soothe the bowels, and soothe the bladder, and soothe the uterus, and soothe the vagina, and soothe the anus, and soothe the rectum, and soothe the sigmoid, and soothe the colon, and soothe the small intestine, and soothe the large intestine, and soothe the stomach, and soothe the bowels, and soothe the bladder, and soothe the uterus, and soothe the vagina, and soothe the anus, and soothe the rectum, and soothe the sigmoid, and soothe the colon, and soothe the small intestine, and soothe the large intestine, and soothe the stomach, and soothe the bowels, and soothe the bladder, and soothe the uterus, and soothe the vagina, and soothe the anus, and soothe the rectum, and soothe the sigmoid, and soothe the colon, and soothe the small intestine, and soothe the large intestine, and soothe the stomach, and soothe the bowels, and soothe the bladder, and soothe the uterus, and soothe the vagina, and soothe the anus, and soothe the rectum, and soothe the sigmoid, and soothe the colon, and soothe the small intestine, and soothe the large intestine, and soothe the stomach, and soothe the bowels, and soothe the bladder, and soothe the uterus, and soothe the vagina, and soothe the anus, and soothe the rectum, and soothe the sigmoid, and soothe the colon, and soothe the small intestine, and soothe the large intestine, and soothe the stomach, and soothe the bowels, and soothe the bladder, and soothe the uterus, and soothe the vagina, and soothe the anus, and soothe the rectum, and soothe the sigmoid, and soothe the colon, and soothe the small intestine, and soothe the large intestine, and soothe the stomach, and soothe the bowels,



## WHAT A FORMER AMERICAN SAYS.

Doubled Their Cultivated Lands and More Than Doubled Their Stock.

The following letter written by Mr. John Cummings of Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada, formerly of Washington, to a friend in the United States is only one of a hundred similar cases, and what was done by Mr. Cummings can more easily be done to-day by any good, sober and industrious farmer who chooses to make his home in the Dominion.

Dear Sir:

You want to know how I got along since I came into Northern Alberta. I am happy to inform you that I am not ashamed to tell.

We located five miles northeast of Wetaskiwin; left Farmington, Washington, on the 29th of May, driving all the way.

We had time to build our log house the first fall and to make us comfortable for the family and stock. We then built four stables 18x20 inside, so that we could put everything inside them when the cold got down to the fifties, and worked hard getting up the stables and got through doubling on the 1st December, but to our surprise we had no use for the stables only for the milk cow and two span of horses. The balance of the horses lived on the prairie all winter and took care of themselves. The doors of two stables were left open for them to go into in a cold time, but they would not do it, but stayed out on the prairie the coldest night we had, and looked as spry as crickets.

I can go ten rods back of my house and count ten residents. I know all of their circumstances. Every one of them have doubled their cultivated land and doubled their animals, and a great deal more. All of us are comparatively out of debt and are unusually big crop to thresh and prospects of a fair price, and I expect we are as well contented but of people as there are from Florida to the Klondike.

My son bought two pounds of twine to the acre, and when we started to bind some barley, we found that instead of taking two pounds to the acre, it was taking nearly five pounds. Then you ought to have seen him hitch up a team and make for town for 100 lbs. more. I cannot say how it will thresh. All I can say is that it is well headed, and takes an enormous amount of twine.

### Business Account.

Old Hardware—I've decided to take young Sharpshoot into business with me as soon as he and my daughter get back from their honeymoon.

Run on Ham—But I thought you saw no good in the fellow?

"I didn't at first, but I've changed my mind. I told him he couldn't have my daughter till he had at least \$1,000 in the bank. He got me to put it in writing, and then went out and borrowed the \$1,000 on the strength of his name and salary. Such business ability as that isn't to be allowed to go to waste."—Tim-Hits.

### President Krueger Ahead.

Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa, Dec. 7, 1909.

Messrs. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, Chicago, Ill. S. A. Gentlemen:—Your last shipment and communication received. I am very much pleased with the information that you have so kindly given me.

Please find enclosed bank draft to the amount of \$242.15, for which I send you twenty-five gross of Swanson's "5 DROPS." Ship same as before in order that there may be no delay, as this medicine will be greatly needed before it reaches us. The last shipment is almost disposed of, so the medical department of our army uses large quantities. This order is entirely for use in the army.

I have been told that our success on the battlefield is due to a certain extent to the use of "5 DROPS" Rheumatic Cure, which has relieved and prevented a great deal of suffering among our men from Rheumatism, Neuritis and other acute pains caused by exposure. Your "5 DROPS" is as good as a Transvaal soldier. In one of the battles, a small quantity of "5 DROPS," together with other medicines, was captured by the English, which was a great loss to our men. The Kruegers won't do it again. I am, respectfully yours,

PETER HAAS.

"5 DROPS" is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. It is a perfect cure for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Catarrh, La Grippe, Neuritis, Headache, etc. Large sized bottles (250 doses), \$1.00; or three (750 doses) for \$2.50. Sample bottles 25 cents. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 104 to 161 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

### Called It Down.

"You want a delectable slave, I presume," remarked the funny barber, as the dandy climbed into the chair.

"Aye, bog jargon," said the youth, "but weekly, I say, to the barber's shop."

"That's French for cutting down," answered the knight of the razor, with a grin on his tongue.—Chicago Evening News.

### Happy, Spry, Bromus.

Most remarkable true. Will make a fellow rich despite himself if he puts a plenty. Salsar's catalog tells. Send for and this notice for sample of shoe and log catalog. John A. Salsar Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

The Head Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of Givory's Pastilles. Chills, Fever, Headache, Stomach and Intestines. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

"How did Abel come to make up with Jim?" "Heard some one say they were at sixes and sevens, and was afraid of the monkey 13."—Town Topics.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

You must behave yourself if you hope to avoid worry; no guilty man can avoid worry over his misdeeds.—Atchison Globe.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that is necessary. Sold by all druggists.

The goodness of our intentions never excuses the badness of our actions.—Chicago Daily News.

The Grip of Pneumonia may be warded off with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A man seldom tells the truth about his business; he exaggerates it one way or the other.—Atchison Globe.

I have found Pike's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. H. Lutz, 1302 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1909.

## THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

A Coffer captured by the Boers while taking a quick dispatch from Mafeking to Kuruman was searched from head to foot, and then told to go. The wily native thus escaped, with the dispatch safely concealed up his nose, and reached his destination without further mishap.

Norway has a law dealing with cremation. According to the act every person over 15 years of age can be cremated after death if he or she has made a declaration in the presence of two witnesses. For those under 15 a declaration on the part of the parents is necessary.

The present empress of Germany loses a new frock. Her wardrobe comprises more than one for every day in the year, and she is said rarely to wear a gown more than once. Yet, in the bosom of her family she is generally seen with an apron covering her dress, as this homely article of apparel is a pet of her husband's.

The twentieth century will commence on January 1, 1901. It will open on Tuesday and close on Sunday. It will have the greatest number of "nap years" possible—21. The year 1901 will be the first one, then every fourth year after that, to and including 2000. February will have three times five Sundays in 1901, 1918 and 1976.

The lowest point of land on the American continent is the grand divide in Nicaragua, where the elevation is only 116 feet. The lowest point of land on the bottoms of Panama, according to the report of the canal commission, is Colón, which is 24 feet above tide water, and is now the scene of active work by the Panama Canal Co.

Belonging Bay, around which so much interest is just now centered, is the finest harbor in South Africa, and practically the key to the Transvaal. Its value to England, therefore, if they could annex it among their possessions, would be readily understood, for it would enable them to cut off the supply of their war stores which the Portuguese are allowing to pass through Lourenço Marques.

There is a subterranean forest in the Columbia river between the Boies and the Cascade mountains. The subterranean forest took place 50 years ago, and since then the roots have been under water, while the upper parts of the trunks have been buried yearly at low water. The bark is gone, and the wood is partly water-rotted, but some of it is firm and looks fresh. This fact seems owing to the durable quality of the wood, that species, namely, the pseudotsuga douglasii.

The crops of 1909 have not broken the record, but have approached it closely. The wheat crop was 247,500, 816 bushels; barley, 73,815,364 bushels; rye, 24,961,741 bushels; buckwheat, 11,094,473 bushels; potatoes, 228,781,232 bushels; hay, 26,654,758 tons. The average farm prices reported were: Wheat, 84 cents; corn, 30.3 cents; oats, 21.9 cents. The figures of production, though exceeded once or twice before, are enormous, and show what a continent we possess.

Lieut. James Munro, 4th cavalry, is now famous for having successfully worked a gignette "bluff" on Gen. Cancon and his garrison of 800 men at Dayembong, in the Philippines, when he secured the surrender of this town and garrison with but 50 men behind him, November 28. He is not much over five feet four inches in height. He is about 26 years of age. He comes of Scotch parents, who reside near Lake City, Minn., and are thrifty and good citizens. He won his West Point spurs by his own exertions.

Carbonic acid gas, says a medical authority, has the singular property of lessening the sense of hunger, and may probably be remembered in dealing with cases of diabetes. The sense of hunger is found in the solar plexus. By the use of water charged with carbonic acid gas the branches of the solar plexus distributed through the mucous membrane of the stomach are influenced in such a way that the abnormal irritation of the plexus which is the foundation for the ravenous hunger often present in diabetes and certain forms of indigestion may be gently mitigated, if not appeased.

Vol. Michener recalls a remarkable combination which appeared in the United States court of Indiana some years ago. Walter Q. Gresham, the presiding judge, afterward became secretary of state. Benjamin Harrison, who presented the case, afterward became president of the United States, while Thos. A. Hendricks, afterward vice president, Joseph E. McDonald and David Turpie, who afterwards became senators, were on the other side. That group, for distinction, was probably never surpassed in a single state; one president, one vice president, a secretary of state and two senators.

At the suggestion of Gen. Ditts, military commander of the Philippine islands, the quartermaster's department of the army has adopted the full khaki uniform. This includes even the shirt. The wily Filipino has found the blue shirt of Uncle Sam's boys such a good target that the change will be made as quickly as possible. At the breaking out of the American Spanish war the khaki cloth was not manufactured in America, but now American weavers can turn out as good, if not better, than the best made by European weavers.

## WIT AVERTED A STORM.

The Capital Device of a Congressman to Cool His Wife's Anger.

In the seclusion of the house cloakroom a story is being told of a western member. There are 377 men in the house. Three hundred and fifty-six are hereby released from any connection with the story. The other man—and the other man's wife—will recognize the truth of what is here recorded.

The western member went home at a very early hour in the morning. He had made a night of it with some friends. He knew that his conduct would be considered reprehensible by his better half, and so he ascended the steps of his modest home he racked his brain for some plan to avert the lady's wrath. As he entered the hall he saw an umbrella. Instantly it occurred to him that the umbrella might be his salvation.

He carried the umbrella upstairs. Seating himself on a chair in the corner of the bedroom, he raised the rain guard over his head and then coughed loudly. His wife awoke and saw in the dim light her liege lord sitting solemnly under the raised umbrella. "What are you doing?" she asked in natural surprise.

"It is three o'clock, my dear," said he, "and I am waiting for the storm."

The congressman's ready wit saved him from a painful lecture. He is worrying now, however, to find an equally effective act for the next time he stays out late.—Washington Post.

### Vest's Stolen Pigs.

"Another story that Vest told related to his candidacy for the legislature in 1861 against A. S. Walker. The canvass was exceedingly exciting because of the near approach of war, and all the questions incident to it were discussed with much animation. Charges and counter-charges were made. Both sides knew that about six votes either way would determine the contest, and on the day before election Walker raised the point on Vest that he had stolen some pigs. The only way that Vest could meet the charge was to acknowledge solemnly that he had the pigs in his pen and in his possession. If he had gone further and said that he had bought them—which they hoped he would do—they had witnesses to show that he had not bought them, but Vest was too shrewd to be caught in the trap, and turned the accusation off with a laugh and the remark:

"Don't account for the way his boys get pigs!"—St. Louis Republic.

The promises of a lover are as unreliable as those of a politician.—Atchison Globe.

### MARKET REPORT.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.  
LIVE STOCK.—Cattle, cash 12 1/2 to 13 1/2; best feeders 12 1/2 to 13 1/2; heavy 12 1/2 to 13 1/2; light 12 1/2 to 13 1/2; pigs 12 1/2 to 13 1/2; sheep 12 1/2 to 13 1/2; hogs 12 1/2 to 13 1/2.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

NEW YORK.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

BALTIMORE.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

INDIANAPOLIS.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

LOUISVILLE.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

ST. LOUIS.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

SPRINGFIELD.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

MEMPHIS.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

ATLANTA.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

SAVANNAH.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

CHARLOTTE.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

WILMINGTON.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

PHILADELPHIA.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

NEW YORK.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

ATLANTA.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

SAVANNAH.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

CHARLOTTE.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

WILMINGTON.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

PHILADELPHIA.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
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NEW YORK.  
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; spring 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; mixed 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; extra 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; low 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.  
GRAIN.—Wheat 2 1/2 to 2 3/4; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; oats 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; barley 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; rye 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; clover 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; timothy 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; alfalfa 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; hay 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; straw 1 1/2 to 1 3/4.

# THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

## Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Mr. Isaac Brock, Born in Buncombe Co., North Carolina, March 1, 1788. Says: "I attribute my extreme old age to the use of Peruna."

Born before United States was formed.  
Saw 22 Presidents elected.  
Peruna has protected him from all sudden changes.  
Veteran of four wars.  
Shod a horse when 99 years old.

Always conquered the grippe with Peruna.  
Witness in a land suit at age of 110 years.  
Believes Peruna the greatest remedy of the age for Catarrhal Diseases.

Isaac Brock, a citizen of McLennan County, Texas, has lived 111 years. He now lives with his son-in-law at Valley Mills, Texas.

In speaking of his good health and extreme old age, Mr. Brock says:

"After a man has lived in the world as long as I have, he ought to have found out a great many things by experience.

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper remedy for ailments that are due directly to the effects of the climate.

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but in reading Dr. Hartman's books I have found out that these affections are the same and that they are properly called catarrh.

"I had several long sieges with the grip. At first I did not know that Peruna was a remedy for this disease. When I heard that la grippe was epidemic catarrh, I tried Peruna for la grippe and found it to be just the thing.

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only, reliable remedy for these affections. It has been my standby for many years, and I attribute my good health and extreme old age to this remedy.

Very truly yours,  
Isaac Brock.

For a free book on catarrh, address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

## THE CAHOON SEED SOWER

Sows all kinds of grain and vegetables. Sows five times as fast as it can be done by hand. Sows one-third less seed, and does the work better than it can be done by any other way. Can you afford to sow along without it? Costs only \$1.00. A lifetime. Anyone can operate it. Write for it.

Beware of cheap substitutes. Send for free circular, and a name of nearest dealer. Address: GOODSELL COMPANY, Antwerp, N. H.

FOR 14 CENTS  
We wish to give this year 200,000 new customers a free order. 1 Pkg. City Garden Seed, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Emerald Cucumber, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Cucumber, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Melon, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Tomato, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Cabbage, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Cauliflower, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Broccoli, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Asparagus, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Beans, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Peas, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Corn, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Potatoes, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Onions, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Garlic, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Radishes, 1c; 1 Pkg. Parfait Turnips,



### Extracts from Mr. Roberts' Book.

In the light of recent statements made by Mr. Roberts to the House of Representatives as to his views on Mormonism, it is interesting to read the following letter which shows the real views of the man as expressed in his book, "A New Witness for God." This letter was written by Miss Helen Gould to Dr. Josiah Strong and we are glad to be able to present it to our readers.

New York, December 18, 1899.  
Dr. Josiah Strong, President League for Social Service. DEAR SIR:—A short time ago I received "with the compliments of the writer" a pamphlet entitled "Plural Marriage and the Manifesto." The Tribune and the Kinsman Answered," by Mr. Nathan Tanner, Jr. The book is an argument for polygamy, and closes with the following paragraphs:

"The practice of plural marriage is not only not immoral or hurtful in its consequences, but it has produced the greater number of distinguished men, and it has providentially happened that there are from Utah in the councils and service of the United States, and in this State, and at the head of business concerns, a greater percentage of polygamic sons than there are of monogamic sons."

"In the council of the nation that distinguished Senator, Hon. Frank J. Cannon. In the army are Chaplain Elder Elias S. Kimball; Col. Willard Young, of the Corps of Engineers in the late war with Spain; Capt. Richard W. Young, who with his men, dragged by hand their cannon through the mud and rain and did such noble work at Manila. In the navy are the rapid fire guns, the invention of John M. Browning of Ogden. In the State is Governor Wells. In ecclesiastical circles are three or four of the Twelve Apostles; two or three of the First Council of the Seventies, Presidents of States and foreign missions, Bishops, High Counsellors, etc., all of whom are the peers of their fellows. Hence plural marriage, instead of being the awful thing it is by some represented to be, stands the test of the highest standard of morality, and its fruits are quite equal to monogamy."

"How long will Christian men and women in this day of enlightened thought cast away their reason, and in mad frenzy continue to fight against a principle bearing such fruit and having the unqualified approval of divinity?" I am told that Mr. Tanner is at present in disfavor with the Mormon Church, but not on the ground of any lack of orthodoxy in his religious belief, and this little pamphlet was written in 1898 or the fore part of 1899.

I desire, however, to call your attention particularly to "A New Witness for God," by Brigham H. Roberts, as it has the endorsement of the Mormon Church and was published by George Q. Cannon & Sons Company, in 1896. As you know, George Q. Cannon is one of their three great leaders. You will find chapter thirty on man's place in the universe very important, for it gives so clearly the Mormon point of view. I wish I might quote the whole chapter for you, but perhaps it will be better for me simply to give you an idea of the contents, and you can best judge for yourself whether it will be advisable for you to procure a copy.

Mr. Brigham H. Roberts advances the theory that spirits of men before they tabernacled in bodies of flesh and bone on this earth had an existence with God in another world; God is the father of their spirits. Jesus Christ being the first born. We have also a mother in heaven. On page 460 Mr. Roberts says:—"The prophet also taught that the relation formed in this life was intended to be eternal, not excluding that of husband and wife, with all its enduring affections. He taught that the marriage covenant which binds man and woman as husband and wife should be made for eternity, and not until 'death doth them part.'"

He then goes on to say:—"I wish to be perfectly understood here. Let it be remembered that the Prophet Joseph Smith taught that man—that in his spirit, is the offspring of Deity; not in any mystical sense, but actually; that man has not only a Father in heaven, but a mother also. And when I say that the prophet taught that the resurrection is a reality, that the relationship of husband and wife is intended to be eternal, together with all its endearing affections, I mean all that in its most literal sense. I mean that in the life to come man will build and inhabit, eat, drink, associate, and be happy with his friends; and that the power of endless increase will contribute to the power and dominion of those who attain by their righteousness unto these privileges."

Speaking of the power of forever adding to his posterity, Mr. Roberts continues:—"It is one of the chief means of man's exaltation and glory in

that great eternity, which like an endless vista stretches out before him." Through it man attains to the glory of the endless increase of eternal lives, and the right of presiding as priest and patriarch, king and lord over his ever-increasing posterity. Instead of the commandment, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth" being an unrighteous law, it is one by means of which the race of the Gods is perpetuated, and is as holy and pure as the commandment "Repent and be baptized." Through that law, in connection with an observance of all the other laws of the gospel, man will yet attain unto the power of the Godhead, and like his Father—God—his chief glory will be to bring to pass the eternal life, the happiness of his posterity."

Next Mr. Roberts argues that it is possible for men to become Gods, and he quotes from the prophet Joseph Smith to show that the God whom we worship was once a man:—"God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted Man and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret."

"Here, then, is eternal life—to know the only wise and true God, and you have got to learn how to become Gods yourselves, and to be kings and priests to God, the same as all Gods have done before you—namely, by going from one small degree to another, and from a small capacity to a greater one, from grace to grace, from exaltation to exaltation, until you attain to the resurrection of the dead, and are able to dwell in everlasting burnings and to sit in glory, as do those who sit enthroned in everlasting power."

(From a discourse preached by Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, April 7th, 1844. Millennial Star, vol. xxi, pp. 245-248.)

"But if God the Father was not always God, but came to his present exalted position by degrees of progress as indicated in the teachings of the prophet, how has there been a God from all eternity? The answer is that there has been and there now exists an endless line of Gods, stretching back into the eternities, that had no beginning and will have no end. Their existence runs parallel with endless duration, and their dominions are as limitless as boundless space."

Can one imagine a lower or more materialistic conception of spiritual things?

Below I quote the advertisement of the work to show you it has the approval of the Mormon Church:

"A New Witness for God. A work of 486 pages, treating of the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Committee appointed by the First Presidency to read the manuscript of this work before it was published—viz., Elders Franklin D. Richards, George Reynolds, and John Jaques—say in their report:—"Your committee, to whom you referred the consideration of Elder B. H. Roberts' new work, entitled "A New Witness for God," respectfully represent that they have read it with care and believe it to be a valuable addition to our Church literature. They find nothing therein calling for adverse criticism, but to the contrary find that it is orthodox and consistent with our teachings. There is harmony in its chapters which gives much strength to its arguments, all of which point directly to the evidences, first of the need of a New Witness for God, and next that Joseph the Prophet was that witness. The truths are emphasized on lines of reasoning different from those common to our elders which carries to the work a freshness and an interest that will, we think, attract students and develop in our youth and others an increased love for the study of the great Latter-day work. Brother Roberts' work collates and condenses a large amount of useful and important information, historical and theological, which is often not readily accessible to the Elders and members of the Church, but which tends to broaden their views and enlarge and enlighten their understanding of various vital matters connected with the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Wishing you success in your efforts to have our people more thoroughly informed on the Mormon question, I remain, very truly, HELEN GOULD.

## The Counties.

### Jackson County.

#### Collingsworth.

We are having plenty of rain this week.

Measles are at large in this part of the country.

The small-pox scare is about over in these parts.

Several of our citizens went to Richmond last week.

J. M. Coyle, of Locust Branch, was here this week buying hogs.

Several nice droves of cattle passed through here going to Richmond court last week.

Samuel Standefer of Clover Bottom, passed through here enroute for Perry on a visit.

The new subscribers to the CITIZEN from this place have received their paper and are well pleased with it.

We are hearing from some of our boys in the Philippines; they say they are in good health and well satisfied.

Perry McCollum, of Indian Creek, has returned from Garrard, where he has been to see his brother-in-law, Elisha Johnson, who is sick.

#### Evergreen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lake is better.

Dr. Rose has a new supply of goods on hand.

Hurt is cutting staves for J. W. Lake on Horse Lick.

Captain Smith has a lot of new goods at W. D. McGuire's old store.

Miss Katie Lake and her brother Bradley have been very sick with the measles, but are improving slowly.

W. T. Short arrested Mary J. Rose for making moonshine. Her trial will be held at Mt. Vernon Thursday.

Edward Lake and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine girl baby which makes just twelve in the family.

Everybody is rejoicing because the United States marshals have been in on Horse Lick. We hope they will get some of the law-breaking boys.

#### Tyner.

The school here under the instructions of James H. Jones, is progressing nicely.

Mr. Hays and two other gentlemen passed through here on their way to Burning Springs from Berea.

James H. Moore, of this place, left for Texas where he will spend the winter. We hope him a successful journey.

There is a larger number of schools being taught in our county this winter with a larger number of attendance and under better instruction than ever before. A larger number of boys and girls are attending schools in other counties from this county.

#### Buck Creek.

Mrs. Nannie Kincaid, who has been very low with fever, is improving.

We have had a good rain and the people are very much in hopes of a tide.

Misses Sallie and Phoebe Isaacs of Wild-dog are visiting relatives on Buck Creek this week.

Nellie Brandenburg and Rebecca Mauons were the guests of Alice and Nettie Tredway, Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. W. D. Smith, of Berea, has been visiting his many friends at this place the past week. We were glad to have Mr. Smith with us.

There is now a Post-office at Needmore, name Vincent, in honor of Vincent Boreing, of Loudon, Ky., and still they need more.

Our worthy Superintendent, J. B. Spence, visited the Elk Lick school, Tuesday. He seemed to be pleased with the good work being done in school.

### Clay County.

#### Grace.

Hog buyers paid 3 cents here last week.

W. H. Murray has received a new stock of goods.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hacker, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. John Hurdley, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McDaniell, a boy.

C. W. Bowlin arrested Daniel Parker, Morgan Bowman, Ab. Bowlin, and J. W. Bowlin, last Saturday week, for shooting in J. W. Bengel's house.

#### Onedia.

Born, to Hugh Bowman and wife, a boy.

Married, George Powder and Miss Lucy Hensley.

R. T. Burns bought a fine mule of John Campbell.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

### THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE E. PUTNAM, Teacher in Berea College.

#### Our Good Side and Our Bad.

There is a good side and a bad side to every man. We see only the good side of some man, and we wonder that he is not esteemed by all as we esteem him. We see only the bad side of another man, and we are surprised that others prize him as we cannot. We are right and we are wrong in both cases. Both men have both sides, and we ought to recognize this in our estimate of them. It is with ourselves as with our fellows; we have a good side and a bad side, and those about us are likely to judge us by the one side or the other. It will be well for us if we gain a lesson from the judgment of others as to our two sides. It ought to help us to make progress in the right direction, and to repress the faults and defects for which others judge us harshly.—*Sunday-School Times.*

#### Sugar and Sunshine.

Bay City, Michigan, has one of the largest beet-sugar factories in the United States, and it is the best one this side of Germany.

It is a wonderful process, this sugar-making, from the ripening and planting of the seed, the culture of beets, digging the vegetables and their manipulation in the factory, to the two spoonfuls of the beautifully granulated sugar which you put in your coffee on Sunday morning.

To think this our old world has sugar in her heart! And it tickles our farmers since they have found it out.

Sugar-makers and beet-growers have also found it out. If the vegetables are dug during a protracted spell of cloudy weather, then the beets yield a comparatively small per cent of saccharine matter. If, however, they are gathered when the days are all sunshine, then is the output of sugar very largely increased.

Take a lesson, my friend, from a homely thing—a sugar-beet. Dwell continually in the blessed sunshine of God's righteousness. Then will the little children delight in your presence, and the world shall know that you have been with Jesus.—*Charles H. Dorris.*

#### Sufficient Unto the Day.

In accomplishing your day's work you have simply to take a step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need think about. If I am climbing a mountain, to look down makes me dizzy; to look too far up may make me tired and discouraged. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. There is not a child of God in this world strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of to-morrow's anxieties piled up on top of them. We have a perfect right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day; but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes, grace will come with it sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

Daniel Burns sold six head of cattle recently for \$190.

R. F. Burns and wife are the proud parents of a fine daughter.

Mrs. Catherine Guyot, of Doorway, has been visiting friends here.

Price Combs and sister, Mrs. Eliza Combs, are visiting relatives here.

Robert Hacker has finished logging, and has taken his cattle to Richmond.

William Allen and Henry Wilson, of Maulden, visited friends and relatives here recently.

One of Sam Burn's boys was thrown from a horse and had his arm broken in two places.

A. H. Burns has been trying to buy Daniel and Dudley Burns' logs at the mouth of the creek.

### Rockcastle County.

#### Withers.

John Magee is doing a good timber business here.

Fred Mullins has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Brown, at Level Green.

Alf Owens is moving his sawmill farther down the branch of Horse Creek.

The CITIZEN has not been well represented here lately, but hope to do better.

Sherman Swinford and James Hammond have been visiting friends and relatives here.

Your correspondent is trying to get several of the boys to come with him to Berea to school next fall.

### Madison County.

#### Dreynus.

Rev. James Young is ill.

Several persons from here attended County court last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hill are rejoicing over the advent of a sweet baby girl—Cecil Dudley.

Little Margaret Riddle, while playing around an open grate, fell and burnt her hand very severely.

Curtis, Bengo, who has been residing in Centerville, Ohio for the

### THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

I am sure that I need make no apology for giving entire this pretty little poem by Alice Cary:

#### A Fable of Cloud-land.

Two clouds in the early morning  
Come sailing up the sky—  
'Twas summer, and the meadow-lands  
Were brown and baked and dry.

And the higher cloud was large and  
And of a scornful mind [black,  
And he sailed as if he turned his back  
On the smaller one behind.

At length, in a voice of thunder,  
He said to his mate so small,  
'If I wasn't a bigger cloud than you  
I wouldn't be one at all!

And the little cloud that held her  
So low along the sky, [place  
Grew red, then purple in the face,  
And then she began to cry!

And the great cloud thundered out  
As loud as loud could be, [again  
'Lag lowly still, and cry if you will,  
I'm going to go to sea!

'The land don't give me back a smile,  
I will leave it to the sun,  
And will show you something worth  
[your while  
Before the day is done!'

So off he ran without a stop,  
Upon his sea voyage bent  
And he never shed a single drop  
On the dry land as he went.

And directly came a rumble  
Along the air so dim;  
And then a crash, and then a dash,  
And the sea had swallowed him!

'I don't make any stir at all,'  
Said the little cloud with a sigh,  
And her tears began like rain to fall  
On the meadows parched and dry.

And over the rye and the barley  
They fell and fell all day,  
And soft and sweet on the fields of  
Till she wept her heart away. [wheat,

And the bean flowers and the buck  
They scented all the air. [wheat,  
And in the time of the harvest  
There was bread enough and to spare.

I know a man like that great cloud,  
As much as he can live, [der-cloud  
And he gives his alms with thun-  
Where there is no need to give.

And I know a woman who deth  
Where praise comes net at all, [keep  
Like the modest cloud that could  
Because she was too small. [but weep

The name of one the poor will bless  
When her day shall cease to be,  
And the other will fall as profitless  
As the cloud did in the sea.

past six months, is now at home with his parents.

J. S. Ogg bought of Judge Million a sawmill which he will operate soon on the I. Todd farm. Mr. Ogg anticipates success with his mill.

The twelve-year-old son of James O. Jones died Saturday morning of consumption. Rev. Lunaford, of Wallaceton, conducted the funeral services at the grave. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the community.

### Washington County.

#### Springfield.

Katie Johnson is ill with pneumonia.

Rev. L. A. McCoy returned to Cane Springs last Sunday evening.

George Ray lost a fine bird dog last night. It is thought some one poisoned it.

Charles McElroy, who has been in Louisville for some time, has returned home to stay.

H. Goodloe and Miss Lena Jones were married at the Springfield Hotel, last Monday Night.

Rev. Austin, the woman preacher, is here for a few days conducting religious services at the A. M. E. Zion church.

Henry Davidson, who works for the firm of Simms and Mayes, Undertakers, went to Willishburg last Thursday on account of a funeral.

### Owsley County.

#### Sturgeon.

Robert Evans, who has been very low with fever, is convalescing slowly.

Stevenes Neely lost his little son Claiborn several days ago, from pneumonia.

Z. M. Margrains' little girl has been quite sick of pneumonia, but is some better.

J. T. Neely has sold two of his horses to Lee Congleton for \$150 to finish payment on his land.

M. A. Holcomb, of Burning Springs School gave Owsley a short visit in the interest of that institution, last week. He speaks well of that school and its natural advantages.

### THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

#### How to Prevent Oat Smut.

As the time draws near for sowing oats it is well for every farmer to think whether he would prefer to raise clean oats or to lose a fourth of his crop by smut. He can have his choice at the cost of a few cents a bushel on the seed sown.

Oat smut, like the corn smut, is a fungous plant or parasite which grows within the grain of the host plant. Such have no real blossoms and seeds but propagate by means of spores, minute living germs of the fineness of flour or dust. These spores may lie dormant for a long time and then spring into activity under favorable conditions, usually those of warmth and moisture.

In the case of oats the spores, so small as not to be noticed, may be on the sound grain sown for seed, ready to germinate with the grain and so produce more smut in the crop that grows. A number of years ago a Swedish scientist found that if smutty grains are treated with hot water the spores will be killed at a temperature still not high enough to injure the grain.

As almost all seed oats contain enough smut grains to damage the crop greatly if the year is favorable for their development, the safe way is for the farmer to treat his seed grain just previous to sowing. The necessary outfit consists of two good-sized kettles or boilers, a splat basket or two, tight enough to hold oats, and yet admit water readily, or a frame covered with wire fly screen is better yet, and lastly, a barrel for cold water, and a good thermometer, and a watch or clock. A temperature of 132-135 degrees F. for about ten minutes will kill the smut spores and not injure the grain, but a little higher than that or a longer exposure will destroy the germinating power of the grain too, so we must proceed carefully. Have one of the kettles filled with water at 110-120 degrees and the other at 132-135 degrees. The basket should not contain nearly as much grain as water or it will cool it too much. Dip the covered basket into the cooler kettle and out several times, a minute at a time, whirling it a little to get the grain all exposed to the water and well moistened. Then dip into the hotter water in the same way, being sure of the temperature; if it goes above 135 degrees add cold water at once, if it falls below 132 degrees add hot water. Do not keep the grain in the hotter water more than about ten minutes. Then take out and dip in cold water after which spread out to dry. If the seed is to be sown soon it will not need to be thoroughly dried. This may seem some to a good deal of trouble but the farmer will make no better wages during the entire year than while doing this. He may count on his pay in the gain in the yield of his oats.

Watch next week's issue for directions for preventing scabby potatoes by another method of treating seed.

S. D. Evans and son will soon start their saw-mill. There is quite a number of logs in the yard and their lumber is much needed by those who contemplate building and repairing.

A. J. Alumbaugh has sold his farm and house plunder and will, in a few days, visit his brother John at Drip Rock. In the early spring will go to his son, J. W. Alumbaugh, in Texas.

#### Conkling.

T. J. Flaney moved Robert Beard to Long's Creek.

Miss Kieper has been quite sick, but is better now.

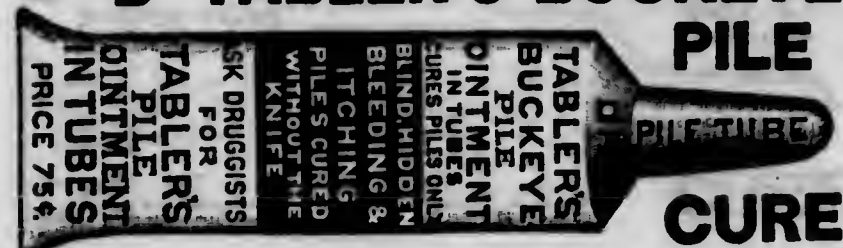
Married, on the 26th ult., Mary Margaret Glen to Monroe Clyde, of Anglin Branch; also Miss Laura Sandlin to Andy Edwards.

A heavy rain Sunday caused a broad smile on the face of the logmen, but it has given place to a look of despair as the long-looked-for tide never came.

It was the privilege of your correspondent, last week, to spend a night at a home where there had been a "working" that day. After supper the things were cleared away, huge logs were piled on the broad fire-place, and in the dim and flaring light of a "fatty" pine torch, all gathered around for an evening's entertainment. The "shuck, shuck" of a cotton gin, operated by a small girl and boy, was heard, while the home-made banjo furnished its merry accompaniment as different members of the party took a turn on the floor, executing terpsichorean features that were by no means ungraceful. Even the children, the least tot, were induced to slow "how they could dance." The mother, on a low seat under the torch, plied the cards briskly, and the "fluffy" rolls of cotton were piled high on the head of the spinning wheel, and deftly drawn into threads by the mitering fingers of the oldest girl, while another set of cards was operated by the grandmother, seventy years of age, preparing the soft white bats for quilting purposes, which every thrifty mountain housewife prefers to use. The old lady's expression, in comparing it to the "fatted on stuff at the store," was, "it puffs just like yeast, and is so soft and spongy like." Such is the happy simple life in one valley.

## A BOON TO MANKIND!

### DR. TABLER'S BUCKEYE



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CURES WHERE ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.  
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